"The lad lifted the child in his strong young arms." p. 131.

OUR NEIGHBOUR, WIDOW YATES.

BY GRACE STEBBING.

CHAPTER XX.

SARAH'S GREAT MISTAKE.

SEPTEMBER can be such an enjoyable month in England, so bright, so fresh and invigorating, so gorgeous with its crisping-dry leaves upon the trees, resplendent in crimson and every tint of gold. And it can be, and sometimes is, a month that brings sorrow and desolation into many homes, while it weeps, on and on, chill, damp, dreary tears over the woe it is causing by its murkiness.

Such a mournful, grey September as this latter was the one that assailed Sandy's weakened lungs, before he had made

trial of business for half a year. Such was the month that brought in its train widespread employment for the over-tasked doctors.

Cholera and bronchitis led bitter tears and mourning into many a home. But beyond all, in its dark course of ravaging, was a form of typhus fever, which broke out simultaneously in several localities specially favourable to its development, and thence spread far and wide, defying all attempts to stamp it out.

About the date that Sandy went into hospital again, this time to die, a case appeared in the industrial school in which Jim Stokes's friendly clergyman had placed young Josh. A second, a third. The second was fatal. The authorities took alarm, and, with such precautions against the spread of infection as they considered that the urgent circumstances admitted of, they dispersed the boys. Josh was sent to his father.

After her fashion Mrs. Stokes did love her only child. After her fashion she had longed to see him again, and she was genuinely glad enough, when she heard that he was coming home, to give up drinking that day, so that she might be in a fit state to welcome him. Fit, that is to say, as far as she had dreamt of associating fitness with "that young rapscallion, my boy, Josh."

But the ideas of that said boy, Josh, on the subject turned out to be somewhat different. Two or three times he had seen his father since the clergyman brought him on his way from prison; and each time that Josh and his father had met they had mutually recognised the most blessed change that was being wrought in each other's hearts. And, as the navvy had refrained from all speech of his wife's continued ill-doings, the lad had naturally formed some such fancy picture in his brain of his mother at the present time, and of his new home, as had more than once presented itself to his father's thoughts.

"Do tidy up a bit afore th' lad gits here," Jim begged early in the morning, as he was starting, breakfastless, for the scene of his hard day's labour. "It'll come down hard upon him, I doubt, if he finds the place all of a muddle, seeing as th' one he's leavin' is spick and span as never wor."

"Bah!" snapped Sarah. "Don't tell me. I know them places, all straight walls an' whitewash, like a workhus, or another jail. Me and my boy don't hold with all your tidinesses! Josh 'll be glad o' a bit o' something different, once in a way, to rest his eyes, I'll go bail."

"Ye'll find as it's nowt o' the kind," remonstrated her husband. "Josh is changed, I tell you."

But all the reply vouchsafed to this information was Sarah's favourite exclamation, "Bah!" to be supplemented, after her husband had left, by the sneering mutter: "Changed, you gaby! Think my boy's as great an idjut as you, and don't know how to make believe change, when his bread's buttered a that side! Bah! say I, again. We'll soon see, when you are not by, if my boy is too much changed not to be glad to get back to a bit o' the old times with his mother, and a drop o' the old comfort."

And the morning wore away, very tediously for Sarah, as she gave herself nothing to do, and was denying herself that usual solace of her idleness—many drops of the "old comfort."

There was a fire, certainly—one she had forced herself to energy enough to light, to make herself some tea, as the craving for drink of some kind was unbearable. But even the fire over that dirty, choked-up hearth, and in that dirty room, was no cheerful influence, only a dingy, doleful mass of smouldering ashes. There was no need to make it up for anything in the way of dinner cooking. Sarah had views with regard to that meal, for herself and Josh, which she considered far more delightful than the best cooked home meal could be, eaten in the tidiest home.

As for little Charlie, of course he would be left behind. That fool, Jim, always made such a row if he were took where she meant to treat Josh. But a bit of bread and the drop of milk she'd left would do very well for "the brat."

A great deal too well, she really thought nowadays, since her husband's influence had wholly counteracted even the mere outward show for evil due to her cruel teachings and example.

Her cruelty towards the Yateses was being in a measure retorted upon herself, fear forcing her to keep silent, while jealousy urged her to a fierce outbreak. Certainly it is difficult to conceive anything that could well be more galling, for one of Sarah Stokes's disposition, than to see the deep love and tenderness her husband lavished upon Charlie—his "little nevvy," as he called him, when he did not speak of him in still more fond and reverent tones as one of "the Lord's own little lambs."

Many and many a time her lips seemed to burn with the words—

"Your nephew, indeed! He's no more your nephew than he is mine."

But those words had to be closely suppressed, unless she wished all her lies to be betrayed as to the dead sister's child, and all the truth to come out—and then prison, and perhaps transportation, and certainly deprivation for a long time of the power to get drunk.

That last wretched thought was the one that acted as the chief deterrent, and so she had to look on, as best she might, at the tendance, that was almost womanly in its gentleness, bestowed upon the supposed nephew; to see the toys, and small dainties, and picture-books, which were brought out of the pocket of the working coat, sometimes two or three times a week, for "Nevvy Larly," as the child called himself. And she dared put no hindrance in the way when the little fellow, catching sound of the well-known lumbering footsteps, would fly to the door with the brilliant smile of old in the blue eyes, and the glad cry of "Uncle, uncle! Here's Larly—waitin'. Come—quick!"

"That day as I feel obliged, for the little un's sake, to send un out o' our home—that day I begin givin' of ye less nor the harfe to live upon as ye have now."

So Jim quietly told his wife, without any of the savage looks or scowling tones of old, but so calmly and resolutely that she felt cowed into belief. Seldom indeed, even in her drunken fits, did she venture now upon treating her stolen prisoner with absolute cruelty.

The dustpan emptied over the favourite picture-book in pretended accident; the toys just arranged, all suddenly swept up in a rubbish heap; meals delayed till the sweet face faded with the sickness of hunger; an unwashed plate heaped with slovenly bits and scraps that revolted the refined instinct and the delicate appetite; the beautiful blue eyes set smarting with soap; the soft features set tingling and aching with the friction of a coarse towel—these were the species of petty tyrannies in which only she dared to indulge her cruel and unprovoked ill-will; all of them acts for which there were so many and such plausible excuses. Even for to-day's intended meal of a scanty crust of very stale bread and drain of milk, there was a ready plea which even Jim could not well grumble at for once.

Nearly two years since mother and son had seen each other! Surely it was to be forgiven a mother that for an

hour or two she should set another person's child aside for her own only one? And that only one, moreover, a son who had hitherto received but a scanty measure of love and attention.

After some such fashion Sarah's desultory thoughts argued, as she dawdled through the morning, with no occupation but watching the clock, and enjoying by anticipation the delights she had planned for herself and Josh for the afternoon.

But hark! There was the swinging of the garden gate. Then a quick, loud tap on the panels of the cottage door. A clear, eager voice, asking briskly—

"Please can you tell me, is this where Mrs. Stokes lives?"

Sarah Stokes started to her feet. There was a sudden mist before her eyes, a thickness in her throat, a tightness at her heart.

What did it mean? What could it mean? She was dimly bewildered with a strange, puzzled wonder at herself.

Doctors tell us, with regard to those who are ill bodily, that while there is life there is hope. That genial-natured, bright-tempered, noble-hearted clergyman, Charles Kingsley, tells us, on the authority of his Divine Master, that so also, with reference to souls, while there is life there is hope. An outward sign of this blessed truth was given now by this poor creature, Sarah Stokes, although she stood holding on to the table all dazed and ignorant of its meaning.

She was a mother. The voice, the feet, of her long-absent, only child smote upon her ears. He was close at hand. The sublime, Divine gift of love welled up, burst through all the superincumbent slough of degradation, and for the moment she was transfigured. There was a glory upon her which dazzled and blinded her own blurred sight.

But alas for the poor, miserable creature! If her mind was transfigured, and her eyes, so were not her slattern's garments, her dirty face, her matted hair. There was no new glow and glory to hide the dismalness of the untended fire that bleak, drenching wet day, to conceal the unwashed, unbrushed state of the littered room, the dingy-brown tinge of the deal table which should be white, or to hide the unpromising absence of any preparations for dinner for a young and hungry traveller.

CHAPTER XXI.

HIS MOTHER FIRST.

"MOTHER! mother!" called a voice that seemed to rush up from a heart that was in as great a hurry as the eager fingers, now half bursting the lock of the door in their haste to open it.

A clear-faced, well-grown, well-clad, well-looking lad stood in the doorway. He had got no farther. There he stood, the beaming expression that had been for one moment visible to the inmates gradually fading, fading away.

Sarah Stokes, as the door opened, had moved one step towards it from the table, and then she also stood still.

The pause had lasted for some appreciable seconds, when she broke it with a short, hard laugh.

"Well, Josh, my boy, what do ye want to stand staring there like a stuck pig for? Don't ye remember your own mother?"

Josh came in then, slowly. Slowly he closed the door behind him, and replied as slowly, with a catch of his breath more than once as he did so.

"Ye-es, mother. But you see father has grown so different, so nice, I made sure that you would be, too."

Josh did not mean to be bitter, he did not even recognise that he was so. It was only the greatness of disappointment speaking out the simple truth. But if Sarah had disappointed the longing hopes of husband and child, she was to know the same sting herself for once, and in a sharper form than any she had been able to inflict.

The higher had been these hitherto utterly unknown feelings of exaltation, the greater was this sudden downfall.

Her son was ashamed of her, revolted at the very sight of her and her surroundings. There was a wholly unconscious but most visible look of repulsion now appearing where the beaming smile of a glad home-coming had been.

Only one more drop was wanting to fill the cup.

Many a private and confidential chat over "Cousin Josh" had little "Charlie" had with "Uncle Dim." Cousin Josh, who had been baddy, but now was so good that all his masters loved him, and all his boy companions too, especially the very little boys, because he was so kind to them.

Charlie knew well enough that this much talked of, and still more thought of "cousin," was coming home to-day. He knew well enough who the big lad was who had now made his appearance; and remembering that oft-pondered kindness to little boys, of which Jim had told him, he now came timidly forward from his corner with the soft-voiced question—

"Are you my nice, good cousin Josh?"

For the first time Josh caught sight of the little fellow. The look of gladness which had faded for his mother reappeared for the child.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, springing forward readily enough now into the room. "Why, you must be the good, jolly little cousin father's told me such a lot about. Let's have a kiss."

"Oh yes, five, seventy, twelve hundred," was the soft, glad cry, as the child threw his arms out towards his new friend.

But another cry followed the next moment, a startled, wailing cry of sharp pain. Mrs. Stokes had dashed in between the two, giving a heavy blow to Charlie Yates, as she exclaimed in a storm of passion—

"Not before his mother, you imperent brat, you!"

The tension of feeling and subsequent revulsion had been too great for her undisciplined nature. Still she would have recalled that blow the moment it had been given, had it been possible, for policy's sake, though not for pity. However, the mischief was done.

Charlie tumbled down half-stunned and gasping. Josh dashed round his mother and threw himself beside him, all the good lessons of the past twenty months forgotten in a fit of wild indignation.

"Kiss you, indeed!" he shouted, as he glared up at his mother like a tiger guarding its young—"kiss you! Kicks 'ud be too good for ye, to go striking a baby like this, and with a face like a little angel, too!"

And then the lad lifted the child in his strong young arms, and began walking up and down the room, soothing him, till Sarah ended by flinging herself on to a chair, and bursting into a fit of tears, made up of mingled anger, pain, and mortification.

Josh put Charlie down, and went up to his mother, giving the desired kiss at last.

"Don't, mother dear, don't," he muttered, shyly. "I didn't ought to have spoke as I did. But it always do set my back up so when I see little 'uns hit as can't stand up for themselves. But won't ye please see about making up the fire now, and getting a bit of dinner ready? I am so wet, and cold, and hungry."

The mother remembered those words, "so wet and cold," with an agony at her heart a few days later, when a grave, compassionate doctor's face was bent above her boy's, with the ominous words—

"He might have been pulled through but for that deadly chill."

At this present hour they only brought back to her recollection the schemes formed for her own and her boy's enjoyment that afternoon, and, with something of returning brightness, she jumped up.

"Hungry! why, to be sure you are. And wasting your time over that little crosspatch, who's much more nasty-tempered nor hurt. But come along now, I'm going to treat ye to a dinner o' hot sausages and mashed potatoes at the 'Boot and Spur,' wi' a drop o' summat hot to wash 'em down."

But there was disappointment again in store for Sarah Stokes.

"Why, mother," said Josh, with a quick shake of the head, "don't you know that won't do for me? Don't you remember I belong now to the Band of Hope?"

After a sharp effort, half sarcastic, half wrathful, to shake his resolution, Mrs. Stokes went off at last to bring home some dinner, but she did not return until she was brought home at night in a state of drunken insensibility. When she awoke her boy was delirious with fever.

CHAPTER XXII.

LESSONS TERRIBLY TAUGHT.

"No, Stokes, my poor fellow, I am terribly sorry for you, but it would be worse than useless—wicked, to deceive you with false hopes. We have done all we can for your son, and he is sinking fast. But for the terrible chill he got the day he came home, his strong constitution might have pulled him through. As it is, you see, he has had a complication of ills to contend against."

Some one else had a complication of miseries and sorrows. Sarah was losing her only child—losing him, as far as human knowledge could tell her, in great measure through her own fault. And thus losing him, it never seemed to enter any head or heart to pity her. Much sympathy and compassion were bestowed upon the father of the dying boy, but no one dreamt of offering any to her and her agony.

The perception of this sank like lead into Sarah's consciousness, but with all her efforts she tried to thrust the lesson thus brought home to her away. The blame that might seem to belong to others in the matter was all she would fix her thoughts upon. Even by the bedside of the suffering boy, as she rocked herself to and fro in her despair, she railed against them.

"Call themselves Christians, do they? Bah! It's what I always say, as the word means nothin'. Here am I to lose all as I have in the world to care for, and because these fine Christians don't happen to like me, they won't so much as say to the mother of an only dying boy, 'Mrs. Stokes, we feel for ye.'"

"But they do say it, mother dear," said a weak voice. "Vicar and the doctor both spoke about you yesterday, oh, so kindly, so pityingly. But they don't, perhaps, like to say things to your face, not knowing how you'll care to have them do it."

Sarah gave a grunt of impatience, but the next moment she abandoned herself to the surging tide of wretchedness, and flinging herself on her knees, laid her face down on her boy's breast with the despairing cry—

"But you know, oh, my boy, my boy! Say then as ye knows at least as yer mother loves you, and would give her life now to ha' only thought that—that day——"

Rending sobs choked further utterance. Josh lifted his feeble arms and put them around his unhappy mother.

"I do know it, mother dear, so well. And ye don't know—I am afraid perhaps ye never can know now—how greatly I love you. You don't know, mother dearest, what grand things I hoped to do for you."

He did not tell her what kind of things, but their Heavenly Father knew, and Josh left his wishes and hopes in His Almighty keeping now. Even his fear that his mother did not know his love for her was in tenderest compassion lifted from his heart.

Within a week of his son's death Jim Stokes began to sicken with the fever. He came home from his work one afternoon, two hours before the usual time, suffering from a torturing headache and parching thirst. With a premonitory touch of delirium, as he entered his own door, he overlooked Charlie's glad cry of welcome, and looking dreamily before him, said in a low, exhausted voice—

"Well, yes, ma'am, and thank ye kindly, I truly shall be glad of a cup o' tea, for I am main tired."

"Is it tea-time already, Uncle Dim?" asked little Charlie, looking up with an awe-struck gaze at the navvy's fixed, staring eyes, and strange expression. To tell the truth, he had been thankful enough to see his kind friend come in so early, for Mrs. Stokes had fetched in a bottle of gin in the morning to drown grief and remorse, and had been drinking on and off ever since, to the entire forgetfulness of dinner. A cuff on the side of the head had been all Charlie had got when he ventured to ask for some. He would have been rather glad if Uncle Dim would have given a second cuff now. Anything rather than look so funny, and talk as if he was talking to somebody who wasn't there.

He took hold of the great hand that had but yesterday been so strong, and now hung so languidly down, and stroked it as he asked further—

"Shall we have tea terectly, uncle dear?"

"If ye please, ma'am," was the puzzling answer; "and many thanks fur the thought. For, as I say, I'm main tired wi' the hot day."

Charlie dropped the hand and began to whimper. Sarah Stokes, poor, wretched creature, burst into a loud laugh. Poor, miserable woman, for many a bitter hour of her future life she was to dwell upon the incidents of this present hour of this October afternoon; but just now she was more than half drunk, and she thought her husband was in the same state. Had she been but a tithe more sensible she must have discovered her mistake as soon as made; but, alas! her eyes were bleared and dim, and her mind still more so.

"Get away, ye little ninny," she said. "If ye want summat to eat, why can't ye fetch a crust out of the cupboard, and give over worritting yer betters?"

With that concession to the child on account of her husband's partiality, she next turned to Jim himself with a second loud laugh.

"Come along, old man. I thought ye'd soon find the idjutcy of turning yer back on a drop of comfort. Come along with you, and sit ye down. I'll give ye a cup o' tea as 'll set ye up again like a man fast enough."

Staggering across the room, she fetched a teacup, and still with the same drunken laugh poured gin into it, till it was two-thirds full, and then handed it to her husband, just as he dropped, faint and giddy, on to a seat beside her.

(To be continued.)

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

Sitting here by the fire before the lamps are lighted, and the children run in for their precious half-hour before bed, I suddenly remember something Sarah Courtenay said to me a few days ago. "I always recollect," she remarked, in the broadest Dorset dialect, "those words of yours which I saw on the paper;" and she then proceeded to quote a sentence on gossip, which I had written in a local magazine, but which I had forgotten from that moment to this, but which unknown to me had been talked over and discussed greatly in our little district, and had, I am thankful to say, evi-

dently done the work that it was intended to do, viz., to stop an endless flow of mischief caused by the pernicious habit we some of us possessed of talking over our neighbours, and of carrying backwards and forwards a sort of "he says and she says," see-saw, which was fast making our tiny town a veritable hot-bed of undesirable quarrelling. Still once that special essay had been published, I can confess I had forgotten all about it, and yet here it was, five years afterwards, doing its small duty and being quoted as gospel by the lower classes, who, the moment a thing is in print regard it as almost inspired, and believe in it well-nigh as implicitly as we do in the Bible.

Writing as I had begun to write to wile away time in a very dull country town, I certainly had never regarded my work in any other light than in that of an amusement, and a possible means of adding to a somewhat circumscribed income. I had never thought any one read what I had to say, and though five or six years have elapsed since I first took up my pen, I may confess now that it always fills me at the present moment with vast surprise, when I discover people have read what I have written, and marked it; and Sarah Courtenay's words, unconsciously as they were spoken, caused me to pause for more than one "twilight time," and ponder on the good or harm I might do if I were to write or not to write such and such a paper.

Yet Sarah Courtenay was as innocent of knowing that her words had influenced me as I was of knowing I had influenced the people by that long-forgotten sentence on gossip, to which I turned once more in my book of cuttings, and looked at it again, after I had parted with my poor old friend, and thinking over this and our mutual unconsciousness in the matter, I began to ponder if all of us ever realise how terribly we influence each other in all our relations in life, and how much our sayings and doings may mean, even outside the home citadel into which we fondly imagine no one penetrates beyond our immediate and intimate friends.

Naturally all writers, even so humble a one as myself, have far greater influence than any one can have who neither writes, paints, sings, or comes in any way prominently before the public; but this I do not think we any of us realise truly. I have often been wonderstruck at the shrewd remarks the poor make on literature, and how they mould their homes and home-lives on special mottoes and sentences culled from their favourite authors, and I have often been forced to lay down my pen altogether when I have heard how they pin their faith on those who write, and how they cling for guidance to those who are their oracles, and who are, despite their powers of scribbling, just as full of faults, as ignorant and as heedless as any other human being can be; and, alas! are too often completely oblivious of the unconscious powers for good or evil that they have.

Of course, the world of women is not composed of writers or public characters, and so the above remarks may not be applicable to our readers, yet from them I am trying hard to point out clearly what I want to say, and that is that there is not one person so lowly or insignificant that he or she does not consciously or unconsciously influence someone else. As an example of what I mean, I may tell you that I remember a row of cottages in one country village that was the by-word of the place—no respectable person was ever to be found there; palings were broken and never mended; the gardens were mere thoroughfares for all the animals in the neighbourhood, and resembled nothing so much as a dustbin; the windows were mended with old rags and pieces of paper; and, in fact, more melancholy hovels I have never seen. They would never have been lived in at all, but cottages were as scarce as diamonds in the village, and people could not choose their residence; but I must confess to feeling desperately sorry when I heard Mrs. Cooper and her tidy husband were going to Paradise Row, and felt as if I would have given worlds to save her from such a fate, for I was convinced no one could live there long and not become indifferent to dirt in mere desperation at the impossibility of being clean and tidy in such a place. Judge of my surprise, then, on seeing that the influence was just in the other direction; bit by bit, cottage after cottage became respectable, and ten years after Mrs. Cooper went to Paradise Row all the windows and palings were mended, and gardens replaced the dust-bins; and a cheerful, clean class of women meet weekly at Mrs. Cooper's, intent on learning from one notable housewife the secrets she told to any one who consulted her, and to which were due the improved and pleasant state of what was once the worst row of cottages in a not over tidy village street. And this is not the only incident I could quote of good done by one single woman's example. For influence in a household generally radiates more especially from the mother and wife, whose extravagance, laziness, selfishness, will all be reproduced a thousandfold in the children and the servants; while, if carefulness, industry, neat and suitable attire, and unselfish love are the house-mother's qualities, be sure that peace and prosperity are to be found within her home, and that not only in her own immediate circle, but for many a mile round, her influence will be felt, and she will do an amount of good of which she may never know here, but that must bring its own reward sooner or later.

In the same way, alas! can evil be reproduced and fostered, spreading itself widely in all directions, for I have seen the example set by one fearfully extravagant household undermine a whole town, by inaugurating a species of competition in display of all kinds, while the presence in another place of one utterly unscrupulous and bad man ruined the moral atmosphere so completely that respectable folks fled as from a pestilence, and though he came finally to grief, bringing down about his ears with him all those who had followed him, dazzled by the apparent prosperity of his brilliant career, the village was rendered almost empty by reason of the evil reputation it had obtained for itself.

Twilight thoughts are often enough a wife or mother's only serious thoughts apart from her household and domestic duties; then, maybe, she rests her tired body and allows her mind to travel gently along a train of ideas that never come to her at any other time, and it would be well if all of us paused then for a few seconds, and pondered over how we were influencing our homes and those of our friends and acquaintances, being very sure that we are none of us too small or too insignificant to pass unnoticed through some corner of this world, which will be made darker or brighter by our passing, according to the manner in which we have used our own special small or large store of unconscious influence.

J. E. Panton.

Half the little frets of life would vanish if we would only be silent about them, and turn our attention to something else. Instead of reckoning up our blessings, which are many, we reckon up our worries, which are few. . . . We look at the carriage-and-four in front of us, and never think of the donkey and cart which is behind.—*Miss Sewell.*

THE FIRST TANGLE.

BY ANNA BURNHAM.

ONCE in an Eastern palace wide
A little child sat weaving.
So patiently her task she plied,
The men and women at her side
Flocked round her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,
"You always work so cheerly?
You never seem to break your thread,
Or snarl and tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly.

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken,
For all we've fretted, wept and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled
Before the King has spoken."

Oh, little children—weavers all!
Our broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall,
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle!

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble;
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own, as sometimes flies
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the King,"
She said, abashed, and meekly,
"You know, He said, in everything"—
"Why, so do we!" they cried, "we bring
Him all our troubles weekly!"

She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle.
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"

MARY LAMB.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

CHARLES LAMB'S HOUSE IN CLERKENWELL, "LITTLE VENICE."

THE name of Mary Lamb can never be mentioned without recalling that of her brother Charles, and the devoted, self-sacrificing love that existed between the two. It was one of Harriet Martineaus sayings, that of all relations that between brother and sister was apt to be the least satisfactory. There have been some notable examples to the contrary, and perhaps the most notable is that given by Charles and Mary Lamb. When a brother and sister are linked together by an unusually strong bond of affection and admiration, it is generally the sister who, by inclination and natural selection, sacrifices all individual and personal objects for the sake of the brother. For instance, she frequently remains unmarried in order to be able to devote herself to his pursuits and further his interests. There is no more devotedly unselfish love than that of a sister and brother when it is at its best. The love of a wife for a husband, or a parent for a child, has something in it more of the element of self. In both these relationships the husband and wife and the parent and child are so closely and indissolubly identified with one another that it is comparatively easy to merge the love between them into self-love. But between a brother and sister this is not the case. The bond that unites the two can be set aside by either of them at will. It is purely voluntary in its character, and, as previously remarked, in the give and take of this affection, it is, speaking generally, the brother who takes and the sister who gives. The contrary, however, was the case with Charles and Mary Lamb. Between these two it was the brother who lay down his life for his sister, sacrificing for her sake, at the outset of his own career, his prospects of love and marriage, the ease and comfort of his life, and his opportunities of devoting himself exclusively to his darling studies.

The story of these two beautiful lives is worth more than even their contributions to English literature, and makes us love Lamb and his sister quite independently of the "Essays of Elia," and the "Tales from Shakespeare." Mary Lamb was born in 1764, eleven years before her brother Charles. Her childhood, till the birth of this precious brother, seems to have had little brightness in it. There was a tendency to insanity in the Lamb family, and this tendency was probably intensified in Mary's case by the harshness and want of sympathy with which it was then the fashion to treat children. "Polly, what are those poor crazy, moythered brains of yours thinking, always?" was a speech of her grandmother's that made a lasting impression on the sensitive child. The love of her parents, her mother especially, seems to have been centred on her brother John, older than herself by two years. "'Dear little selfish, craving

John,' he was in childhood, and dear big selfish John he remained in manhood." (Mrs. Gilchrist's "Life of Mary Lamb," p. 4.)

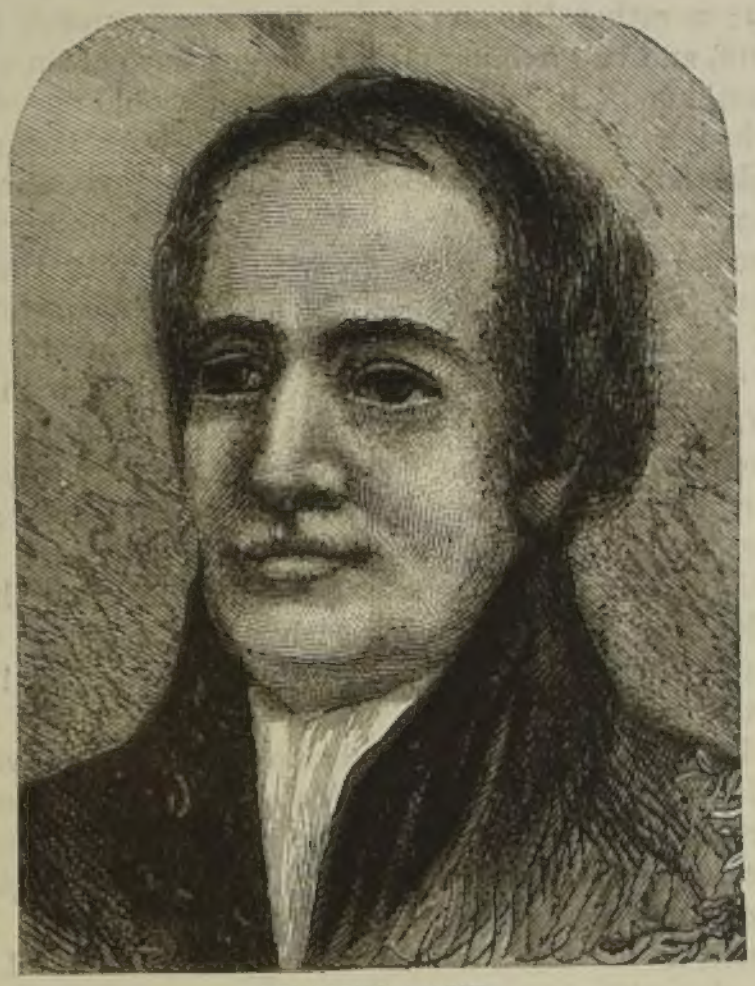
The first creature upon whom the wealth of affection in Mary's nature could be freely bestowed was, therefore, the baby brother. She spoke in after years of the curative influence on her mind of the almost maternal affection which she lavished on the boy who was, to a great extent, committed to her care. Henceforward she was no longer lonely, but had gained a companion and object in life. Her education consisted mainly in having been "tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and she browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage." This was the library of Mr. Salt, a bencher of the Inner Temple, to whom her father was clerk. In 1782, when Charles was seven and Mary eighteen, he became a scholar of the Blue Coat School, where he formed a lifelong friendship with the poet Coleridge. The circumstances of the Lambs gradually narrowed. The father was superannuated, and his income was consequently reduced. The elder brother, John, held a good appointment in the South Sea House, but he was much more intent on enjoying himself and surrounding himself with luxuries than upon providing for the wants of the family. For eleven years, from the age of twenty-one to thirty-two, Mary supported herself by her needle.

The father's mental faculties gradually gave way more and more. By the time Charles was fifteen he left school, and the care and maintenance of his family in a short time devolved mainly on him. He first obtained a clerkship in the same establishment where his brother was employed, and two years later he received a better paid appointment, with a salary of £70 a year, in the India House. Domestic troubles, however, thickened upon the family; the mother became a confirmed invalid, and in 1795 Charles was seized by an attack of the madness hereditary in the family. This affliction must have weighed terribly upon Mary, who thus saw her one prop and solace taken from her. She was left alone, with her father in his second childhood, her mother an exacting and imperious invalid, and an old Aunt Hetty, who was for ever poring over devotional books, without apparently the capacity of sharing any of the household burdens. No sooner was Charles restored to reason than a new trouble began. John met with a serious accident, and, though in his days of prosperity his family saw little or nothing of him, he now returned home to be nursed. This seems to have been the last straw that broke poor Mary down. In September, 1796, the mania, with which she had been often threatened, broke out; she seized a knife from the table and stabbed her mother to the heart. The poor old father was almost unconscious of what had taken place; Aunt Hetty fainted. It was Charles who seized the knife from his sister's grasp, but not before she had, in her frenzy, inflicted a slight wound on her father. The horror of the whole scene can be with difficulty pictured. Yet Charles, who had only lately been released from an asylum, had the power to cope with it, to maintain his calmness and courage, and above all to resolve that the terrible calamity which had overtaken them should not be allowed to enshroud the whole of his dear sister's life in the gloom of a madhouse. He wrote to his friend Coleridge five days after the tragedy, and his letter speaks nothing but tender fortitude. "God has preserved to me my senses," he writes. "I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and of my aunt. . . . With me 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel."

MARY LAMB.

Severe self-mastery is perceived in every word of this letter. Lamb was evidently sensible that his own reason would totter if it were not controlled by a strong effort of will. In another letter written a week later to the same friend, the same spirit is shown; he had already formed the determination not to allow his sister to remain in a madhouse; he resolved to devote his life to her, and to give up all thought of other happiness for himself than what was consistent with his being her constant companion and guardian—"Your letter was an inestimable treasure to me. It will be a comfort to you, I know, to know that my prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor dear, dearest sister—the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house—is restored to her senses, to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has past, awful to her mind, and impressive (as it must be to the end of life), but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder. I have seen her. I found her this morning calm and serene, far, very far, from an indecent, forgetful serenity; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind and religious principle to look forward to a time when *even she* might recover tranquillity. God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that most supported me? . . . I felt I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying,—my father with his poor fore-

head plastered over from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, who loved him no less dearly,—my mother, a dead and murdered corpse in the next room,—yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest in things of sense, had endeavoured after a comprehension of mind unsatisfied with the ignorant present time; and this kept me up. I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me, for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties; and I was now left alone." He then speaks of the kindness of various friends, and reckons up the resources of the family, resolving to spare £50 or £60 a year to keep Mary at a private asylum at Islington. "I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital . . . . If my father, and old maid-servant, and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on £130 or £120 a year, we ought to burn by slow fires; and I almost would, that Mary might not go into an hospital. Let me not leave an unfavourable impression on your mind respecting my brother. Since this has happened, he has been very kind and brotherly, but I fear for his mind. He has taken his ease in the world, and is not fit to struggle with difficulties, nor has much accustomed himself to throw himself into their way; and I know his language is already, 'Charles, you must take care of yourself, you must not abridge yourself of a single pleasure you have been used to,' etc.; and in that style of talking." Charles goes on to explain that his sister would form one of the family she had been placed with rather than a patient. "They, as the saying is, take to her extraordinarily, if it is extraordinary that people who see my sister should love her. Of all the people I ever saw in the world, my poor sister was most thoroughly devoid of the quality of selfishness. I will enlarge upon her qualities, dearest soul, in a future letter for my own comfort, for I understand her thoroughly; and if I mistake not, in the most trying situation that a human being can be found in, she will be found . . . . uniformly great and amiable. God keep her in her present mind, to whom be thanks and praise for all His dispensations to mankind."



CHARLES LAMB.

The whole of the rest of Lamb's life was a fulfilment of the loving resolutions which had sustained him in the terrible hour of his mother's death. His love for the beautiful Alice W——n was relinquished as one of the "tender fond records" for ever blotted out by a sterner, more imperative claim of affection and duty. As soon as the old father died, Mary and Charles were reunited in one home, and her brother's guardianship was accepted by the authorities as a sufficient guarantee that any future return of her malady should not be accompanied by danger to the lives of others. He was faithful to his self-imposed task. He himself was never again attacked by the cruel malady, but his sister to the end of her life was subject to recurring periods of insanity, which latterly isolated her from her friends for months in every year. Through their joint care and caution no fatal results again attended these attacks of mania. There is something inexpressibly touching in the fact that on their holiday excursions together, Mary invariably, with her own hands, packed a strait-waistcoat for herself. She was able to foretell, by premonitory symptoms, when she was likely to be attacked; and a friend of the Lambs has related how he had met them walking together, hand in hand, towards the asylum, both weeping bitterly.

Lamb's strong feeling against allowing his sister to be placed in a hospital for lunatics is more than justified by the accounts given, in the "Life of Lord Shaftesbury," of the frightfully barbarous treatment to which insane people were subjected in the early part of the present century. Their keepers always visited them whip in hand. They were sometimes spun round on rotatory chairs at a tremendous speed; sometimes they were chained in wells, in which the water was made to rise till it reached their chins; sometimes they were left quite alone, chained to their beds, from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, unable to rise, and with nothing but bread and water within their reach. No wonder that Charles Lamb said he would burn by slow fires rather than let his sister be treated like this.

The strong restorative of work done and duty fulfilled enabled Charles, within little more than a year of the dreadful calamity which had darkened his life, to make his first appearance as an author. These first poems were dedicated to "the author's best friend and sister." He wished to fence her round, as it were, by assurances of the high value he set on her, and of the depth of his love. "I wish," he wrote to Coleridge, "to accumulate perpetuating tokens of my affection to poor Mary." When she was restored to his daily companionship, there was nothing in her outward manner or appearance to indicate what a terrible cloud rested on her past life. Her manners were tranquil and composed. De Quincey speaks of her as that "Madonna-like lady." There was no appearance of settled melancholy in consequence of the fatal deed she had been led to commit, but that it left a wound which was hidden rather than healed is indicated by the words written long years after the event: "My dear mother who, though you do not know it, is always in my poor head and heart." On another occasion, a child Mary loved asked her why she never spoke of her mother. A cry of pain was the only response. Her dependence on her brother was an ever-visible presence in both their lives. Mrs. Cowden Clarke relates: "He once said, with his peculiar mode of tenderness beneath blunt, abrupt speech, 'You must die first, Mary.' She nodded, with her little quiet nod and sweet smile, 'Yes, I must die first, Charles.'" The event was contrary to the wish and expectation thus expressed. Charles preceded Mary to the grave

by thirteen years; but during the greater part of that time her intellect was so clouded as to deprive her of the power of the acute suffering the loss of her brother would otherwise have caused.

The literary fame of Mary Lamb rests chiefly on her "Tales from Shakespeare," and a collection of beautiful little stories for children, called "Mrs. Leicester's School." The "Tales from Shakespeare" were written, as so much good work has been, under the stress of poverty. Six of the great tragedies were undertaken by Charles, and fourteen other plays by Mary. The scheme was to render each play into a prose story fit for the comprehension and capacity of children; and the work was done with inimitable felicity of diction, and critical insight into the situations and characters of the world of men and women who live in Shakespeare's dramas. There is a letter of Mary's, describing herself and Charles at work: "Charles has written 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' 'King Lear,' and has begun 'Hamlet.' You would like to see us, as we often sit writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting, like Hermia and Helena in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"); or rather, like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out that he has made something of it" (Mrs. Gilchrist's "Life," p. 119). The "Tales" were written for William Godwin, whose first wife was Mary Wollstonecraft. His second wife helped him a great deal with his publishing business. She was a vulgar-minded woman, and a pet aversion of the Lambs, especially of Charles, who said, referring to her, "I will be buried with this inscription over me, 'Here lies C. L., the woman-hater'—I mean 'that hated one woman; for the rest, God bless 'em.'" The success of the "Tales" could not, however, be marred by the unpopularity of the publisher and his wife. The book rapidly ran through several editions, and even now a year seldom passes without the "Tales from Shakespeare" being presented to the public in some new form.

A portrait of Mary Lamb has been drawn by the master hand of her brother. She is the Bridget of the "Essays of Elia," as all lovers of the essays well know. The humour and delicate insight into character for which the writings of Charles Lamb are so distinguished, are also characteristic of Mary, though the humour in her case is less rollicking, and never breaks out in pure high spirits, as his often does. Some of the most charming of Mary's writings are her letters, which have been published in Mrs. Gilchrist's "Life," especially those to a young friend, named Sarah Stoddart.

This young lady had a most "business-like determination to marry"; and as she generally had more than one string to her bow, as the saying is, it is no wonder that she sometimes needed the help of an older and wiser woman than herself, to get her out of the difficulties in which she found herself. Much of Mary's own character comes out in the advice she gives her friend. She speaks in one place of her power of valuing people for what they are, without demanding or expecting perfection. It is a "knack I know I have, of looking into people's real character, and never expecting them to act out of it—never expecting another to do as I would in the same case." How much practical wisdom there is in this, and what misunderstandings and heart-burnings would be saved if it were more common not to expect people to act out of their own characters! There is a funny little bit in another letter to the effect that women should not be constantly admonishing men as to the right line of thought and conduct. "I make it a point of conscience never to interfere or cross my brother in the humour he happens to be in. It always appears to me a vexatious kind of tyranny, that women have no business to exercise over men, which merely because, *they having a better judgment*, they have power to do. Let *men* alone, and at last we find they come round to the right way which *we*, by a kind of intuition, perceive at once. But better, far better, that we should let them often do wrong than that they should have the torment of a monitor always at their elbows."

To begin quoting from the letters of Charles and Mary Lamb is such an enticing task that it would be easy to fill more pages than this magazine contains. One more only shall be quoted from each. The most beautiful of Mary's letters is perhaps that which she wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth, soon after the death by drowning of Wordsworth's brother John. The beautiful poem by Wordsworth, "The Happy Warrior," is supposed to have been written partly in reference to this brother, and partly in reference to Nelson, whose death took place the same year (1805). "I thank you," Mary wrote, "my kind friend, for your most comfortable letter; till I saw your own handwriting I could not persuade myself that I should do well to write to you, though I have often attempted it. . . . I wished to tell you that you would one day feel the kind of peaceful state of mind and sweet memory of the dead which you so happily describe as now almost begun; but I felt that it was improper, and most grating to the feelings of the afflicted, to say to them that the memory of their affliction would in time become a constant part, not only of their dream, but of their most wakeful sense of happiness. That you would see every object with, and through, your lost brother, and that that would at last become a real and everlasting source of comfort to you, I felt and well knew from my own experience in sorrow; but till you yourself began to feel this I didn't dare tell you so."

How terrible that the mind and heart which could dictate such words as these were weighed down by the life-long burden of insanity! Before Miss Wordsworth's reply reached her, she was again attacked, and Charles wrote in her place: "I have every reason to suppose that this illness, like all the former ones, will be but temporary; but I cannot always feel so. Meantime she is dead to me, and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think, lest I should think wrong, so used am I to look up to her in the least, as in the biggest, perplexity. To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe, or even understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about praising her, for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older and wiser and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me; and I know I have been wasting and teasing her life for five years past incessantly, with my cursed drinking and ways of going on. But even in thus upbraiding myself I am offending against her, for I know that she has clung to me for better, for worse; and if the balance has been against her hitherto it was a noble trade."

Great, noble spirits they both were, even in their weaknesses and imperfections, showing an example of devoted unselfishness, tenderness and generosity, that many who "tithe mint and anise and cummin" might envy. Mary Lamb survived to old age, dying in May, 1847, aged seventy-three. She was buried by her brother's side in the churchyard at Edmonton.

NOTES ON HEALTH.

BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

How to Lessen the Tendency to Hereditary Disease.—I.

In the preceding papers on health we discussed the laws of heredity, and showed by many examples, taken from history and biography, how frequently the mental, moral, and physical defects of the parents were transmitted to their children, and how the law that "like produces like," though modified in many instances by circumstances and education, still remains one of the laws of nature.

In the following pages I shall endeavour to teach mothers how they can, to a certain extent, mitigate any tendency to bodily disease which they may have been unfortunate enough to transmit to their children. The subject, however, being very vast—too vast to be considered in detail in the allotted space—I shall have to content myself with a few suggestions on food, clothing, exercise, etc., trusting that what is lacking here, mothers will, by further study, supply for themselves.

Taking then the case of a child born healthy, but whose father or mother, or both, have a tendency towards scrofula or consumption, the first point to be considered is the mode of nourishment for the child. If the mother be healthy, there is no food, as is well known, which can compare with her milk, and she should allow nothing, save actual incapacity, to prevent her from nursing her child. Not only is it best for the child, but also best for herself; preventing as it so often does those forms of internal complaints which render many women partial invalids for life, and, in some cases, completely incapacitate them for all active exertion and render them a burden to themselves and a trouble to their friends.

As already stated there is no milk, be it cow's, goat's, ass's, or condensed, which can be compared with woman's milk as food for an infant. Many substitutes we have, which will be discussed further on, but they none of them have the same nutritive value, and are all apt to disagree.

Supposing, however, that the mother comes of a consumptive family, then, in all probability, it will be her duty to give up nursing her child. I say "in all probability," for there may be circumstances in her surroundings which will preclude her having recourse either to a wet nurse or to artificial feeding, and such exceptional circumstances must be left to the discretion of the medical advisor. No concatenation of circumstances, however, whatever they may be, short of actual death by starvation to the child, should induce a mother suffering from any stage of phthisis (consumption) to nurse her child; all the benefit she will herself derive from it will be as naught compared to the injury she will do her baby; but as it is most essential that a child with consumptive parents should be fed on woman's milk for the first months of its life, a wet-nurse should be procured and be in the house at the time of birth. The choice of the wet-nurse must rest with the medical attendant, and I will therefore only give a few hints as to her management which may assist the mother, and possibly somewhat diminish the bitterness she feels at giving up her child to a stranger.

We will take it for granted that the nurse has been well-chosen—that she has no disease herself, no tendency to hereditary disease; that her milk is good; that she does not drink; is not subject to fits of passions, etc.

In the first place it will be advisable to see the nurse beforehand, and by explaining what is required, prove to her that the mother understands what she is talking about. For nurses are so apt, and with much reason, to consider themselves the most important personages of the establishment, that when the supervision of the medical attendant is withdrawn, they will, if allowed, tyrannise over the whole household, and, what is of far more importance, injure their charge, either directly by neglecting it, or indirectly by indiscretions in their own diet, clothing, etc. The nurse must, therefore, be told beforehand that the following rules will be strictly insisted upon:—

First as *regards the child*, that for the first two months it is to be put to the breast every two hours during the day, and *not* whenever it cries; the last meal to be given at eleven p.m., and the child to be accustomed to sleep from that hour until five or six the next morning. On this point, in all probability, the battle will commence, as it is far easier when baby wakes in the night to send it to sleep by putting it to the breast (especially in nurse's own bed) than to soothe it or rub it, and send it to sleep without nourishment. But this is a point which must be stringently enforced, and which any clever nurse will achieve by persevering for a week or two. We are all creatures of habit—a baby just as much as an adult—and the young tyrant can undoubtedly be trained to the habit of sleeping seven or eight hours consecutively, if the nurse only understands her duties.

The reason for this rule is obvious. The nurse, whether it be the mother or a stranger, must have some hours of quiet rest, or, in the case of the mother, she will be worn out by being awakened every hour or two; and, in the case of the nurse, the child will suffer, first, by being overfed, as it certainly will be if given the breast every time it cries, for babies cry quite as often from flatulence, or cold feet, or even temper as from hunger, and secondly by being taken into nurse's bed and kept there, as it will most certainly be, half smothered with the bed-clothes, if not totally smothered by a heavy and sleepy nurse. Naturally it will be difficult to discover what is going on during the night, but a mother's task always is difficult, and as she has undertaken the responsibility of motherhood, it is for her to see that the task is properly performed.

The second point as regards the baby, which must be insisted upon, has already been mentioned, viz., that it has its own cot and is *allowed to sleep in it*. This, the nurse must be made to understand from the first, is a stringent order not to be disobeyed.

That the child is not to be dosed by the nurse without the permission of the medical attendant need scarcely be mentioned, but must nevertheless be borne in mind, as the

vicarious partiality of nurses for castor oil, magnesia, honey, brown sugar, and other abominations is one of the well-authenticated facts of history.

Now as *regards the nurse*, but little is wanted save the exercise of ordinary common sense. Good, plain, unstimulating food—*no alcohol*, unless she has been accustomed all her life to a glass of beer at dinner, when it is best to continue it—exercise, plenty of fresh air, with attention to the ordinary functions of the body, and a healthy nurse ought to thrive. The overfeeding and stimulating, which so many people consider necessary for a nursing woman, are absolutely injurious, both to her and the child, and should, in the case of the nurse, be strictly forbidden, save under medical supervision.

The surest test that a nurse is in good health, and is doing her duty by the child is the condition of the latter. If it be plump, rosy and good-tempered, she cannot be going far wrong. If, on the other hand, it looks drawn, yellow and old, if it is perpetually in a state of whimper, or has very frequent attacks of screaming, then it is pretty certain the nurse is at fault somehow—either she is negligent, or her milk does not suit the child. Under these circumstances it will be wisest to ask the advice of the medical attendant.

Another point of importance remains, and that is the nurse should, if possible, come from a distance, in order to avoid visits and consequent worry on the part of husband or children.

A word of warning to mothers. If they get a good and careful nurse let them trust her, and show by their manner that they do so. In the interest of the mother, for whom I am writing, I have felt bound to show the dark side of nurse nature, but it must be remembered that there are numbers of respectable and conscientious women who will do their best for the child placed in their charge, not only for duty's but for love's sake, learning, as they do, to be as fond of the child as if it were their own, and in these cases what the mother will probably have to guard against is her own jealousy when noticing the happiness of her child in the nurse's arms. This will probably be the first of the many trials the poor mother will have to undergo who has neglected or not known the laws of health, and who is forbidden by those laws to nurse her own child.

To return, however, to our wet-nurse; she is *the* substitute, *par excellence*, for the mother who is forbidden to nurse, and no trouble or expense should be spared in order to obtain one. In large towns this can of course always be managed, but in some places there will be insuperable obstacles, and then the child must be fed by hand. The difficulties entailed by this mode of nursing will in many cases be very great, but still they are preferable to the dangers incurred by the child being nursed by a mother with consumptive tendencies.

The most frequent cause of disaster in this manner of feeding is, without doubt, the bottle itself! More infants are sent to a premature grave by an unclean bottle than by any other of the ailments to which infant flesh is liable, and for this reason the bottle, or rather bottles (for there should always be two), should be under the mother's care solely and entirely, for not one nurse in a thousand will be able or willing to give them the necessary attention, which she will probably stigmatise as a "fad."

As already stated there should always be two bottles, so that one may have plenty of time to sweeten before it is again brought into requisition. The kind of feeding-bottle is immaterial. The short nipple is easier to clean, but the tube will be found more convenient. The milk not taken by the child should be at once thrown away, not warmed again as it so often is—a poor economy, bringing, as it almost certainly does, a doctor's bill in its train. Directly after use the bottle and mouthpiece should be thoroughly scalded with very hot water, and then placed in a basin of cold water, in which about a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved, and left there until needed again—fresh carbonate of soda and water being used each time a bottle is put to soak. The soda neutralises the acidity which might be formed by the decomposition of any particle of milk remaining in the bottle, such acidity being a fruitful cause of thrush, diarrhœa, and vomiting, which in a few hours may bring the infant to death's door.

The time for the administration of the bottle should, of course, be the same as for that of the breast—every two hours for the first six weeks, gradually increasing the interval, as the child partakes of more nourishment each time. On no account should the child be allowed to suck at the bottle after the milk is exhausted, as it then swallows air, which causes flatulence, distention, and general uneasiness; neither should it be pressed to suck when disinclined, which will only cause indigestion.

The best kind of milk, as it most resembles that of women, is ass's milk. Frequently, however, ass's milk will be unattainable, and then we have to turn to cow's milk, which, in the majority of cases, will answer very well, provided it be given for the first month diluted with equal parts of water, the quantity of the latter being gradually decreased, until about the fourth month the milk will be taken pure. Save by special direction from the medical man, the milk should not be boiled, but simply warmed by dipping the bottle containing it, for a few minutes, into hot water.

Strange to say, in some instances where good, wholesome cow's milk does not suit the child, it will begin to improve at once when placed on condensed milk, which it is, therefore, always well to try when the child does not seem to thrive.

Often, more especially when the baby has inherited any weakness of constitution, no milk whatever seems to suit it. There will be constipation or sickness, fits of crying or constant whimpering; the skin looks yellow and shrivelled, and hangs in folds about the child's limbs; it does not increase in weight, and is evidently not digesting its food.

Supposing the wet-nurse to be absolutely unattainable, the following combinations of milk may be tried:—

1st. To four ounces of milk and water add a teaspoonful of dissolved isinglass. This apparently prevents the milk from coagulating in large clots in the stomach, and facilitates digestion.

2nd. Take two tablespoonfuls of whey, made by adding rennet to cow's milk, a tablespoonful of cream, and two tablespoonfuls of hot water. This may be given every four hours—the other preparations of milk being tried at the alternate hours of feeding, and milk being gradually added to the whey if the child thrives upon it.

3rd. Liebig's food for infants is strongly recommended by high authorities, even for the youngest child.

4th. Buttermilk was strongly advocated some years ago. It was prepared by adding a small spoonful of wheat-flour, and a few grains of sugar to a pint of buttermilk, which was then boiled for a few minutes, and about four ounces of the mixture given every two hours.

5th. The pancreatic foods now so extensively sold, and especially those prepared by Savory and Moore, or Benger, prove frequently of very great service.

After the third month the child may be given a little farinaceous food if there be any necessity, but will thrive just as well if kept upon plenty of good milk until the tenth month is attained. *(To be continued.)*

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

A Few Suggestions on the Management of Time.

"A woman's work is never done," is a proverb we often hear quoted by busy matrons as an excuse for the breathless pace at which they "drive" through life—"what with the housekeeping, the children's lessons and clothes, parish work and social duties, I never have a moment's real leisure, and yet can never get half my work done!"

To the harassed housewife, wearied with fruitless attempts to cover her day's duties with the day, the following practical suggestions are offered as to the *amount* of work to be attempted, and as to the *method* in which such work may be accomplished.

As for the amount of work, many of us will say at once, "Oh, that is decided for me; I have little or no voice in the matter; it is my duty to do all that I am attempting."

Now if we weigh and analyse very carefully and impartially the various claims upon our time, we shall probably discover that, in some respects, we are being generous before we are just; that we are using time extravagantly by doing necessary things in a hap-hazard, slow way, and that we are wasting time by doing things we erroneously imagine to be needful. For example, is it not putting generosity before justice, when so much outside work is undertaken, that home duties are neglected? The middle-class mother, with her full home-life, has frequently to exercise much self-denial in this matter, and a wise discretion too, for, while on the one hand, sympathies must be ever widening by constant thought of the needs and pleasures of the brothers and sisters outside the family circle, on the other hand, the husband, children, and servants must never feel neglected nor uncared for, owing to the house-mother's too frequent absence from home, or pre-occupation in some absorbing scheme.

Next, with respect to using time extravagantly. The mention of calls and callers and shopping will cause most of our consciences to prick! What busy person does not feel the sheer waste of time in paying formal, useless calls on those with whom she has nothing in common, and also lament the provoking interruption to children's lessons, needlework, etc., by friends dropping in in the morning, and callers every afternoon in the week? Those who have tried it will agree that much time is saved by fixing an afternoon, and perhaps evening, at home, and then persuading all acquaintances to come on those days only.

Shopping, too! how much time we often lose by want of thought and foresight in getting, at one opportunity, all the things wanted for some time. Ordering by post, whenever possible, is a great saving of time, and money too, so also is the plan of having housekeeping supplies sent in at stated intervals by standing orders.

The children's clothes will furnish an example of how we may waste time (at any rate, those of us who like needlework) by making more clothes than are really needed, and also by making elaborate garments, embroidering, tucking, honeycombing, gathering, the glories of which are scarcely seen under the pretty pinafores, and most certainly are not necessary for the dear little wearers' comfort or health. How often, too, do we spend days over a piece of sewing, that some poor sempstress would gladly do for a few shillings, which we could afford to pay if we denied ourselves (say) that tempting bunch of flowers, or that hansom when we were quite able to walk!

To pass on now to the *method* of accomplishing the

amount of work decided upon. We would suggest that our hard-working, "driven" mothers should make use of a great advantage that most of them possess in more or less degree, namely, the power to plan out their hours and days as they please. A little earnest thought on this point will show that many do not use this freedom and privilege at all; they make no plans of work worthy of the name, but everything is done as inclination, emergency, or association leads, with the inevitable result that some duties or intentions are overlooked, some have an undue amount of time spent on them, others too little.

Let us glance back to our school-days. How was it that each of our subjects had its proper share of time? That our music and drawing did not crowd out French, and that geography and grammar had fair-play as well as history? Because there was a *time-table*, drawn out for us by the careful consideration of our teachers. Some may smile at the idea of having family time-tables (there should be a set of them, the mother's, the children's, and one for each servant), but, after all, is not life one continual school-time, and why should we not use the greater freedom that is given us as we reach the higher classes, and carefully plan out our own time when it is no longer done for us? Necessarily these household time-tables must be more elastic than those of our schooldays, more dependent on the weather, health, and all domestic emergencies, but no one can tell what a benefit is the very attempt to live by a carefully-balanced time-table till she has tried to do it.

Perhaps it may be of use if we now draw out a time-table such as has been recommended. It is for a middle-class mother, whose husband is out all day, say from 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. She has four children, ages from eight downwards, and two servants. Her circle of relations, friends, and acquaintances is a large one; both she and her husband desire to help as much as they can in the parish where they live. Her husband's means require that the greater part of the family needlework should be done at home, and that she should give the children their first little lessons if possible.

TIME-TABLE.

	6.45	7.30	8	8.30	9	9.15	10	11	11.30	1.30	3	5	6.15	7	8	10.30
Mon.	Rise.	Nursery.	Breakfast.	Kitchen.	Look round house.	Nursery.	Lessons, or any domestic work.	Answering notes, etc.	Walk with children.	Mid-day meal.	Needle-work.	Children's tea, games, singing, etc., going to bed.	Leisure for reading, refection, music, etc.	Evening meal.	At Home to friends	Bed-time.
Tues.											Calls.				Lectures, Concerts, etc.	
Wed.											Parish.				Evening at home.	
Thurs.											Needle-work.				Service.	
Fri.											At home				Parish.	
Sat.											Out with husband				Evening at home.	

This, our sample time-table, which must of course be modified according to each individual's hours and duties, will suggest a few concluding remarks.

It is absolutely essential that the house mother should be an early riser, and spend as much time as she can with her children. If the servants have their instructions in good time and orderly fashion, much confusion and wasted labour are saved.

Shopping and calls of inquiry can often be combined with the children's morning walk. Much needlework can be accomplished on cosy evenings while the husband reads aloud.

"But," some may object, "is not all this planning and arrangement too much trouble? It would be so irksome to have to account for every quarter of an hour!"

What profession can be followed without trouble? Do not the duties of wifehood and motherhood constitute a very real "profession," one that must be taken up with punctuality, diligence, and perseverance, if success be desired? And is all this economy of time a trifle, and not worth an effort? Listen.

"*Lost*, somewhere between sunrise and sunset,
Sixty golden minutes.
No reward is offered
Because they are lost *for ever*."

FRANCES EPPS.

"DAY BY DAY."

BY MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

"THE days are all alike," she said;
"The glory of my life is dead;
Hope and ambition far are fled—
And I live on in vain.

Others have reached the leaves of fame,
Others have won undying name;
My shadowed hours are still the same—
What comfort doth remain?

Oh, Lord! I dreamed to bring to Thee
Some noble spoils of victory—
Some harvest-sheaves, Thine own to be—
But, Lord, Thou knowest all!

To clothe—to feed—to satisfy
The household-need; the children's cry
Doth fill the moments as they fly:
My sheaves are poor and small.

So full the claims of every day
I scarce can creep to Thee, and pray:
Oh, lead me in some brighter way,
To glorify Thy name."

Then spake the Master, "Thankful be,
My child! that God hath honoured thee,
The richest crown of life to see,
That prayers and hopes can claim.

Glory thou cravest—and instead
I gave these children to be fed,
These tender lives that look for bread
Unto the mother-hand.

Joy didst thou seek—I heard thy prayer;
I sent thee infant faces fair,
And rosy lips and sunny hair—
A blessed, sinless band.

'*Glory to God*' was still thy plea—
Patience of Christ they brought from Me—
These babes that God shall ask of thee,
Within the resting-land."

THERE never did or will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

HOW TO FEED A FAMILY.—VIII.

We shall arrange two dinners in this paper, which will do well for Saturday and Sunday; the first being a hot dinner, the second cold, with salad. The meat used may be the frozen mutton, now so common, if the ordinary meat is more expensive than sevenpence per pound for the part wanted.

Rolled Veal or Mutton.

Materials. — Breast of veal, or mutton, 2½ lbs.; bacon, 1 lb.; fine bread-crumbs, 2 tablespoonfuls; parsley, finely chopped, 1 teaspoonful; milk, 1 tablespoonful; a little salt and pepper.

How to prepare it.—Take out the bones from the meat, cut off unnecessary fat (which you can clarify), without cutting the skin of the meat, if possible. Lay the meat flat on a board, cut the bacon (without the rind) into thin pieces, sprinkle the meat with a stuffing made of the bread-crumbs, parsley, milk, pepper and salt; lay the slices of bacon on the meat, and sprinkle again with the rest of the stuffing. bones, onions, etc., being put on again to stew for more stock).

Now roll up the meat tightly into the shape of a roly-pudding, tie it with strong string in four places, leaving loops to the string at the ends of the roll, by which to take it up with a fork.

Have a saucepan, large enough to hold the roll, on the fire, with enough water to cover the meat. When the water boils sharply, put the roll in and let it boil for ten minutes. Then take the pan off the fire, place it at the side, where the meat will only stew slowly, and let it simmer for an hour and a half.

Take it out of the saucepan, put it into a hot oven, and roast it till brown, flouring it well two or three times. (It should be roasted for at least half an hour, and if you use veal, an hour would be better, as veal needs to be very well done.) Untie the strings, taking care to keep the roll in shape, and serve hot.

Time.—Two hours to two hours and a half.

White Soup.

Materials.—Stock, 1 quart; milk, 1 teacupful; 2 onions; mace, pepper and salt; flour, 1 tablespoonful.

How to make it.—When the roll of meat is put into the boiling water (as above) the bones which were removed from the breast of mutton (or veal) should be added to it, and when the roll is taken out, the stock in the pan will be found very good. Two or three onions should then be added (after skimming off the fat) and, half an hour after, the broth should be poured through a colander (the

Put one quart of this broth into a saucepan, add a thickening of two tablespoonfuls of flour and a teacupful of milk, mixed gradually and evenly, two or three blades of mace, pepper and salt. Bring the soup to the boil, and serve with toast cut into dice, taking out the mace before serving.

Time.—Two hours and a half.

The soup for the next day's dinner may be made at the same time, and warmed when wanted. If the weather is very hot, it is desirable not to add the milk and flour till just before serving, on the day it is needed. A small pinch of curry powder gives a delicious flavour to soup, and keeps it sweet in hot weather, but this is not liked by everyone. The usual mistake in using curry powder is to put too much, half a saltspoonful is enough to flavour a quart of soup.

Instead of a sweet pudding, we will have a dish of Welsh rare-bit, which is remarkably good, made in the following way, and may be useful as a supper dish, to those who take this meal.

Welsh Rare-bit.

Materials.—Cheese, 3 ozs.; milk, 3 tablespoonfuls; fat, 3 ozs.; bread, 3 large slices, without crust; mustard, from the pot, 2 tablespoonfuls; salt, 1 teaspoonful; a little pepper.

How to prepare it.—Toast the bread, cut each slice in half, and lay the squares of toast in a dish. Spread them with half the fat or dripping, and place them in the oven to keep warm. Cut the cheese in pieces, put it into a small saucepan with the milk, mustard, pepper, salt, and the rest of the fat. Stir the mixture over the fire till it is melted, pour it on the toast and serve hot.

Time.—Twenty minutes.

For the other day's dinner, the pudding may be rice and jam, made into a pretty dish in the following way.

Snowballs.

Materials.—Rice, 1 lb.; water, 1 quart; jam, 4 ozs.; clarified fat, 2 ozs.

How to make them.—Wash the rice, boil it for a quarter of an hour in the water (which should be boiling when the rice is put in), strain off the water (which is useful to thicken soup) rub eight cups slightly with clarified fat, fill each with rice, pressing it down with a spoon; put them in the oven for five minutes, then turn the rice out whole, and put a little jam on the top of each.

Time.—Half an hour.

Cost of Materials (for Two Dinners).

Rolled Meat.—2½ lbs. breast of mutton (at 7d.), 1s. 6½d.; 1 lb. of bacon, 7d.; Stuffing, 1½d. Total, 2s. 3d.

White Soup.—Milk, 1d.; mace, flour, etc., 1d.; onions, 2d. Total, 4d.

Welsh Rare-bit.—Cheese, 2d.; fat, 1d.; bread, ½d.; seasoning, ½d.; milk, 1d. Total, 5d.

Snowballs.—Rice, 2½d.; fat, ½d.; jam, 3d. Total, 6d.

Totals.

Meat, 2s. 3d.; soup, 4d.; Welsh rare-bit, 11d.; bread, 2½d.; vegetables, 3½d. Total, 4s.—Two dinners for six persons, average 4d. per head.

I. L. Richmond.

Blackberries are too often gathered before they are perfectly ripe, simply because they have turned black; but if we can choose our own time for picking them, then the example of D. G. Mitchell should be followed. He says, in "My Farm at Edgewood," "When the children say with a shout, 'The blackberries are ripe!' I know they are black only, and I can wait. When the children say, 'The birds are eating the berries!' I can wait; but when they say, 'The bees are on the berries!' I know they are at the ripest and fit to gather."

Blackberry Jam.—To every quart of blackberries allow a pound of loaf sugar. Crush a quart of perfectly ripe blackberries with a pound of loaf sugar that has been pounded very fine. Put it into a preserving pan (or saucepan) and set it over a gentle fire until it thickens, and stir it over the fire for a quarter of an hour. Pour it into pots, and when cold tie it down. Sometimes a little brandy is added when the jam begins to thicken, but if the fruit is well boiled, the jam will keep good for a long time without it.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

SEPTEMBER is usually a warm month, when we can go on wearing our summer dresses and bonnets, and as the evenings are closing in and lamps and gas have to be lit early, the benefit of thin garments is even more felt than when

days are long and windows and doors can be kept open till bed-time. It really is better economy to wear thin dresses that do not wash as late as possible in the season, and finish them up as far as may be, than to put them away soiled till another summer, when they are sure to look anything but fresh. A very good plan is, when we find it no longer possible to wear clothes of this description, to devote an hour or two to considering what had best be done with them, for some may be picked to pieces, cleaned or dyed, and the linings washed, and then we are not storing dirt up in our cupboards and closets. Besides, our stores take up far less room in this way, and are ready to be re-furbished and combined with other things, when we begin again to cast aside winter clothing.

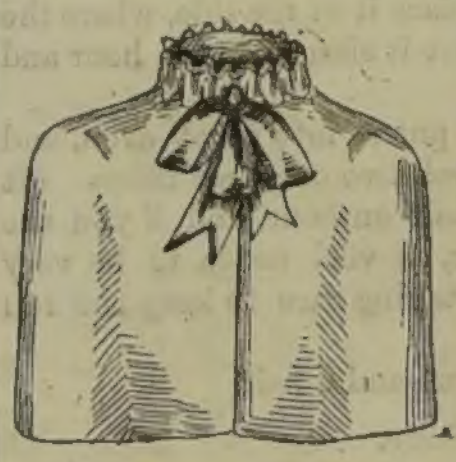
In September it is quite time to begin to think about winter comforts for indoors as well as out, and one of the greatest comforts a woman can have is a warm flannel dressing-gown. Be she sister, wife, or mother, occasions are sure to arise when she requires a warm wrap to throw on the moment she jumps out of bed and goes to another part of the house to fetch the medicine, the hot water, or anything else that is suddenly wanted, while the desirability of such a wrap in case of illness will be apparent to every mind. We therefore give an illustration this time of a very easily made dressing-gown, which by personal experience we have found comfortable and not at all ugly, while it cuts into much less flannel than most shapes.

A dressing-gown is not an article that wears out very rapidly, and it often answers well to make it at first of a pretty blue or pink flannel; the latter washes fairly, the former does not, but it dyes cardinal or maroon to perfection; and for the sake of cleanliness, before having it dyed it is as well to have it washed in lukewarm rain water. A useful dressing-gown should be trimmed entirely with wool; the one sketched had the scollops and little holes that formed the embroidery down the front, and on the collar and sleeves, buttonhole stitched with single Berlin wool, and the holes sewn round with it too, but the way the wool broke in the latter process was rather trying to patience, and it would have been wise to have substituted feather stitching.

An outside pocket is a great addition to a dressing-gown, and it should be trimmed before being put on. A very good way is to feather stitch it in place with one side of the stitch on the skirt of the dressing-gown, and the other taken through the pocket as well as the skirt.

From six to seven yards of twill flannel are required, and about three yards of soft silesia for lining the sleeves and the upper part down to almost the middle. The loose part of the lining should be hemmed, to make it look neat. Near the throat it may be allowed large enough to hook or button over for some little distance, so as to secure a double covering for the most delicate part of the throat and chest. The collar must be made double so that each edge can be hemmed neatly down inside as well as outside the neck, or it can be run on on one side and hemmed the other and rolled over. Hooks and eyes form a very nice fastening sewn on under the embroidered edge, placing the hooks alternately first on one side and then on the other, which keeps them from coming undone, as a straight row of hooks would do. Buttons and buttonholes are also very firm and useful, but flannel is rather a tiresome material to make buttonholes in.

A most welcome addition to a thin dress on a chilly September evening is a little cape not too warm but just warm enough. Plush is the best material, and it should be lined with sarsenet or a cheap thin satin, either of the same colour or one that harmonizes; possibly a piece of old silk may be found for such a purpose. Plush quite good enough costs 4s. 6d. a yard, and a yard and a half is sufficient. A



bow and ends of ribbon to match makes a nice finish at the throat, and round the neck a quilling is very becoming. Take a crossway piece of satin, about three inches wide, double it, and tack the raw edges together. Then, holding it downwards, make small box pleats, and in making up the cape sew it in between the plush and the lining. This gives a little protection to the throat. The most useful of all colours is a dark bright brown for this kind of cape, and it does duty with a brown cashmere frock, or a fawn coloured one, or with any sort of light tint, and even looks well over a thick white muslin, which is frequently worn by young girls as late as this in the year.

Such useful little wraps as this are not much affected by fashion, they promote health and comfort, and are therefore never out of date in the eyes of sensible people.

The flat pattern of the dressing-gown described and illustrated this month will be 9½d., including postage, and that of the plush cape 4½d. Either may be had by enclosing the requisite amount in stamps to M. L., at the office of THE MOTHERS' COMPANION. *Please write the word "Pattern" in the top left hand corner of the envelope. Every effort will be made to send the patterns off punctually, but we cannot guarantee to forward them by return of post.*

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